

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS —
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 47

No. 7

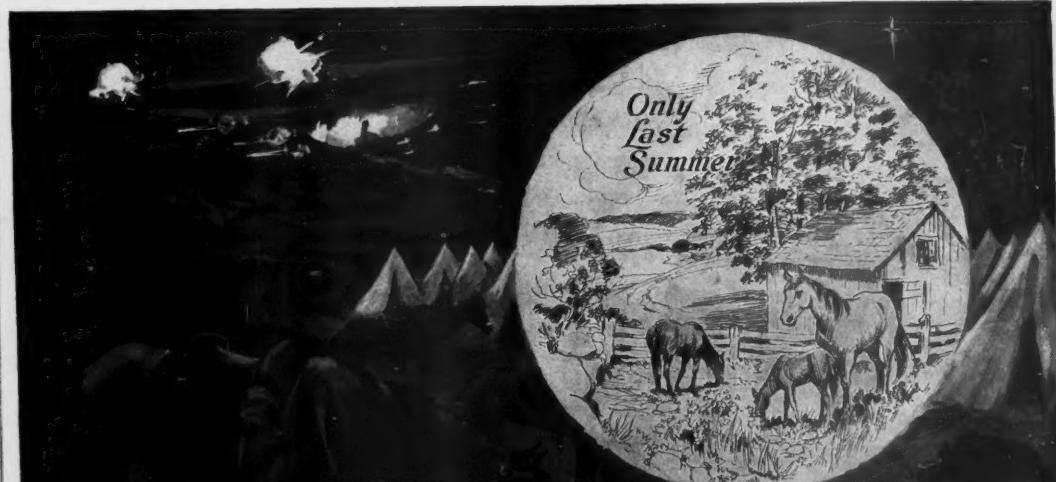
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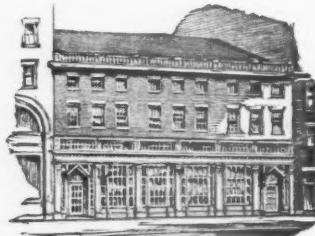
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Our Dumb Animals

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The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, The American Humane Education Society, and The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners
and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—Cowper.



Vol. 47

Boston, December, 1914

No. 7

Practical Humane Education

By ELIZABETH W. OLNEY



EVER was there a time when instruction concerning protection and care of birds and God's dumb creatures was more needed than now. When school curricula are crowded with definite time set apart for the education of the head and the hand and with due regard given to physical culture in many schools, the education of the heart, which should have pre-eminence, is often neglected with no other excuse than lack of time. The moral and spiritual side of the young is left for the home and the church to cultivate, whereas such instruction should be so correlated with all the work of the school and so put into practice that it becomes an inseparable part of the texture of the normal child's being.

We must have teachers who not only have the humane instinct strongly developed but who are even enthusiasts, who have either received during their own school days the inspiration and incentive that come from hearing stimulating humane talks and writing essays, or who have later had the initiative to equip themselves with interesting literature for such teaching.

Of one point we can never be sure, that is, that all teachers will do equally effective work along these lines even where there are so-called compulsory humane education laws.

However, if the States that have such laws will furnish the necessary funds to provide a competent worker, or better still, workers, to instruct and encourage the teachers corresponding with them, and visiting the schools of those who may be inexperienced, much will have been accomplished toward that end.

The Rhode Island Humane Education Society is in its eleventh year. Does its work pay? When preparing a screen for the first Child Welfare Exhibit held in Rhode Island, we made prominent the fact that in two recent years 75,019 children in 1907 schools, joined Bands of Mercy and took this pledge:—"I will try to be

Extracts from a paper presented at the Convention of the American Humane Association at Atlantic City, New Jersey, October 5, 1914. Miss Olney is corresponding secretary of the Rhode Island Humane Education Society. She has been very successful in organizing Bands of Mercy in the schools of that State.

kind to all living creatures and will try to protect them from cruel usage."

We most earnestly believe in beginning with the teachers' instruction when they are in normal and training schools. We address them using stereopticon slides, and correspond with them, giving all who are interested to apply for it a year's subscription to that most valuable paper, *Our Dumb Animals*. We maintain a free library, yet in its beginning, which is well patronized by both teachers and junior members of the Society. If any one is in doubt whether the work bears fruit, such a one should have an opportunity to travel with our secretary and her assistant for a few days and so visit schools of all grades from kindergarten to high, inclusive. Teachers increasingly testify that the day of our visit was a red letter day to them when pupils, and such teachers do everything in their power to cause our visits in the present day to bear fruit.

The work is a blessing to man's faithful friends, the horses, cattle, dogs and cats, and many a wild bird's life has been saved in recent years because of the teaching being given in many of our country schools both by the regular teachers and by official humane workers, but the most enduring good is to the boys and girls themselves, the citizens of the future. We know that the kind become more intelligently and actively kind, and their influence has a salutary effect upon the careless and indifferent; and even the so-called incorrigible, and occasional, really abnormal child, whose cruel instincts require constant watching and firm curbing, when brought into the influence of a Good Samaritan atmosphere, has been helped in varying degrees in the matter of manifesting a seeing eye, a feeling heart, and extending a helping hand.

We have been especially fortunate in securing many excellent pictures of animals with children and older persons giving them water and performing other kind services, suitable for use in schools where we have not as yet arrangements for darkening the room and using lantern slides. These are of a size to be easily carried about and large enough to be seen across a class room.

In Providence the grammar schools are equipped with lanterns, and we have very successfully used the fine collection of slides owned by the

Society, but personally I would not wish to confine my work to the use of the lantern because of having to speak in the dark. There is mutual inspiration when speaker and those addressed can look into each other's faces. When children are gathered for the regular work of the school they are usually in a thoughtful mood and the humane teaching given under such favorable conditions is pondered over, repeated at home, generally put into action, and thus brings forth fruit.

A humane lecturer has expressed our own experience exactly when she says, "The most important thing in Band of Mercy work is the development of the child's love for his fellow-man, and it invariably follows, for statistics have proved over and over again, that boys and girls kind to dumb animals become normal and kind-hearted members of the community in which they live. And is not that what we need in this great and growing republic? Far-sighted and sincere lovers of their country are today mourning the fact that while population and education increase, crime is also on the increase. What can we do to soften the stony public conscience to counteract the frightful struggle for material prosperity? We cannot do much with the grown people, but we can educate the children. That is the aim of Band of Mercy work."

To say that a Band of Mercy, unless continued through a series of months or years, does no good, is simply a mistake. If nothing had ever been done in regard to a Band of Mercy, except the giving of but one address and taking the pledge from the school that the children will try thereafter to be kind to all living creatures, the influence of that one address may mold the character of the children for humanity during their whole future lives. They will never forget a thing of that kind and will always be reminded of it whenever they see or hear of a case of cruelty. The speaker can testify that scores of times parents and teachers have told her that in their homes they have done certain things, previously overlooked, because of the talk given at school and the report carried home by those who heard it. Occasionally we are invited to visit a school where invitations are to be sent out for parents and friends to be present and share in

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

the Band of Mercy meeting. Their interest is often as keen as the children's.

As Dr. Rowley has wisely said, "There is nothing that bears more witness to man's divine origin than that sentiment which moves him to acts of kindness and of justice. There is nothing diviner that he ever does than the deed of kindness and the deed of justice. We can never be true to ourselves; we can never rise to our best until this nobler nature within us finds expression; just in proportion as we give it expression do we ourselves mount up in the realm of being. We seem to be so made by Him who created us that by these acts of humanity, by kindness and fair play and justice, we ourselves become in a wider sense more worthy of confidence and trust."

Earnest and faithful work on the part of any society or group of people along humane education lines for a period of time will surely affect public opinion in a marked way.

Those who are engaged in this work must of necessity have not only a great love for children and for the dumb creatures whose needs we present, but also for the One who created both children and animals. Great reverence is often awakened in the plastic mind of children when we explain to them in a definite way just how "His tender mercies are over all His works." The merciful provision by the Creator for the removal of dust particles and other foreign matter from the horse's eye by means of the involuntary use of the haw, or nictitating membrane, the same wise provision by which the corrugatory muscles remove the flies from that part of the horse's body not protected by the tail, and definite illustrations of protective coloring among birds and animals, are a few instances of the definite and thorough teaching that is being given in public, private and parochial schools wherever Bands of Mercy are being organized and conducted.

FRITZ, SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD

By ALICE W. MANNING

One is apt to think that all the animals in Naples endure a wretched existence because one sees and hears of so much cruelty there; but it was in Naples that I made the acquaintance of the oldest dog, and one of the happiest I have ever met.

Fritz, a small long-haired black dog is over seventeen years old, and his master, the proprietor of the Hotel Metropole, by his tender care during all those long years, has well deserved the little dog's devotion. Every other day Fritz is bathed and rubbed with insect powder, for all the world knows the fleas in Naples are numerous and voracious. Once when Fritz was ill, and obliged to have hot baths, he would, at a word from his master, stand obediently for ten minutes daily in water so hot that he could hardly bear it; such confidence has he in his master.

Fritz is blind now, all his teeth are gone and he is almost stone deaf. Only his keen sense of smell remains. Every morning at dawn he comes to his master's bedside and begs to be taken in, and during the day it is touching indeed to see how the little old dog, now stiff with age, follows his master's every footprint.

All honor to such a friendship between man and dog!

DOG SENSE IN MUSIC

Every one loves a good dog story, here is one: A gentleman owned an Irish setter and every time the victrola played operatic or rag-time tunes the dog would howl. What could be done? So they took the dog down to a shop where records are played and all was a howl until the "Wearing of the Green" and other good Irish tunes were played and then peace reigned. Talk about horse-sense—how is this for dog sense?

—*Coal Trade Journal.*

DOGS IN THE ARMY

A number of fine sentry-dogs have left Major Richardson's kennels at Harrow, England, for service with the English army. This must be the first time that the War Office has formally adopted the use of dogs for military work. Perhaps the experience of the South African war converted them.

These dogs are not to be used for finding the wounded, but for scouting and sentry work. They will accompany isolated outposts, pickets and solitary sentries. Their scent is often quicker than sight, and their hearing is sharper than that of the human sentry.

In scouting the dogs are taken on a long lead. They must be taught to growl, not to bark. If necessary, they must be fitted with a muzzle to prevent them from barking. On sentry duty the dog may be allowed to bark so as to warn the sentry and the camp at the same time.

In the South African war the English army had no watch-dogs of its own, but it often picked up and adopted Boer dogs. Captain Haldane, who escaped from Pretoria, said that the greatest danger of recapture was not from the Boers but from the Boers' dogs.

Major Richardson, in his book, quotes a letter from a trooper written from South Africa: "We have trekking about with us a large number of dogs that have been left behind by the Boers and which attach themselves at once to the columns they come in contact with. We have with our column alone at present over thirty dogs, and the standing camps we came across look almost like dogs' homes. We have one dog with us which we found at a deserted farm. He looks a cross-bred collie and Airedale. We call him the 'senior' and always take him with us on night patrol. We have trained him to be as useful as any man, for no sound escapes him." The blockhouses in South Africa were often greatly safeguarded by any odd dog that was to be got.

Major Richardson makes a good point when he says that in the extreme exhaustion of long battles and marches human senses become blunted. A dog's scenting and hearing powers will always be on the alert when the man may be nearly dropping with fatigue.

The German army led the way in the systematic training of military dogs. Both the Russians and the Japanese used them in the last war. The whole Austrian frontier of Bosnia and Herzegovina was guarded by sentry-dogs for years. The Bulgarians in the last war had an organized service of military dogs. The Italian army also has a service of dogs. Major Richardson recommends collies and retrievers as particularly good breeds for this sort of work.

A FRIEND INDEED

By STUART TABER

The sky was gray; cold Gloom arose
To throttle Hope within my breast;
My spirit sank beneath the blows
Of Life; and I was sore oppress'd.
I trod that purple plane of Grief
Where man fights Fear; and fights alone;
Yes fights, and fails with courage flown,
Where none may see, nor bring relief.

"No human hand," I cried, "may lead
My soul from out this stagnant Deep;
No man can know my direful need!
I fight alone; alone I weep!"

And then, as answering my cry,
There crept within my fevered hand
A muzzle damp, and soft, and sly,
Which seemed to say "I understand";
And lo! my courage won the day;
My dog had followed, where no man
Has followed man since life began,
And nosed my loneliness away.

SOME VICTIMS OF THE WAR

The Dog that Died a Soldier's Death

[By a wounded artilleryman in hospital at Leicester.]

Even the animals in the French villages seemed to know the difference between us and the Germans, and they used to come out to meet us.

There was a dog that followed our battery on the march for four days, and we hadn't the heart to chase it away, and kept it with us.

It was a soldier's dog, you could see, and it died a soldier's death, for it was smashed to pieces by a shell when curled upon the ground beside one of our guns in action. We gave it a soldier's funeral with our own comrades next day.

Jumped with the Ship's Dog in His Arms

[By Stoker Walter Lewis, describing the sinking of the Pathfinder.]

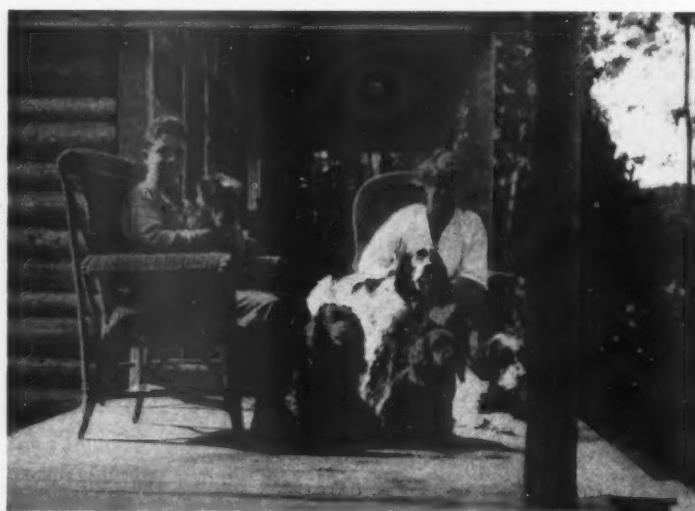
When the explosion occurred it was a fine afternoon, the crew were having tea, and down in the stokehold it was so hot that we could scarcely stand on the plates.

Suddenly we felt the shock of an explosion, and I was flung into the air, landing back on the plates with a terrific jolt. The lights went out, and our fellows were lying in all directions.

With the captain's order, "Every man for himself," all the men started singing some of the popular songs of the day.

One fellow had the ship's dog in his arms as he jumped. I was unfortunate in my jump, hitting the side of the ship and putting my shoulder out.

I was on my little raft an hour and a half before being sighted by a destroyer.



THESE DOGS SHARE VACATION WITH THEIR OWNERS

PETS OF MEN OF GENIUS

By I. A. GLASSE



KINDNESS to animals seems to be an attribute belonging to high intellectual power. By reading the lives of men of genius one learns that they took great pleasure in the companionship of the brute creation. Poets, painters, musical composers, and literary men have nearly always had their favorite animals.

The poet Byron, in his university days, had a tame bear as a pet. Later on he lavished his affections on a Newfoundland dog called Boatswain and at whose death he wrote an epitaph in his bitterest style ending with the couplet,—

To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one,—and here he lies.

The last eight years of the poet's short life were spent in Italy, and when journeying from Ravenna to Pisa he was accompanied by a small menagerie of horses, dogs, fowls, and monkeys.

The gentle Cowper was milder in his choice of dumb friends. The cat, the spaniel, and a tame hare were his companions, their frolics beguiling many of his melancholy hours.

Giuseppe Verdi, the musical composer, well-known by the beautiful opera of "Il Trovatore," numbered among his many four-footed favorites two watch-dogs called Top and Gemma, who were faithful guardians of his country house by day and night.

Leonardo da Vinci, the painter of the famous picture "Mona Lisa," had a heart full of tenderness for all animals, but especially for birds. When walking through the streets of Milan he would buy the birds in their cages and opening the tiny doors let the captives free. The artist was seen almost daily liberating the birds so that the shopkeepers and those who sold their wares along the sides of the busy streets called him the Bird Man, and at his death he said that of all the honors he had gained during his life he valued that name the most.

Gottfried Mind, a Swiss artist, had an especial fondness for cats. Minette, his pet, was always near him and two or three kittens would be perched on his shoulders or at the back of his neck when he stooped at his work. So clever was he in the delineation of his pets that he was called the Raphael of Cats.

Sir Walter Scott had his staghound, Maida, the constant companion of his rambles, and three Scotch terriers that he named after the condiments, Pepper, Salt and Mustard.

The large-hearted Dr. Johnson, whose house was filled with a curious assemblage of human beings to whom he was a kind protector, had his pet cat named Hodge. When Hodge was sick and refused his usual food he was seen to snatch greedily at an oyster. The learned doctor observing this would each day bring home a few oysters in his pocket with which he fed the cat until he had quite recovered.

From the weird writings of that gifted author, Edgar Allan Poe, we learn that he, too, amidst the darkness of his gloomy mind found solace in the companionship of dumb animals.

HE KNEW NOT MERCY

A fish peddler was whipping his slow but patient horse in a residential street the other day, and crying his wares at intervals:

"Fresh mackerel! Fresh mackerel!"

A woman, seeing his acts of cruelty, put her head out of the window, and called to him:

"Have you no mercy?"

"No, mum," he replied; "nothin' but mackerel."



GENERAL GRANT'S COMPANION

AT A LONDON DOG SHOW

By LOUELLA C. POOLE

[At a recent dog show in London one department had a row of kennels in which was exhibited a line of "dog heroes" who had served humanity in some noble way. These canine notables proved to be the great feature of the show.]

A row of kennels at the show—
"Dog heroes," every one, for each
In some fine way had served mankind,
These humble brothers lacking speech
Save that clear language of the eyes
Which speaks of love undying, sure;
Ah, never had man truer friends
To serve him with devotion pure!
That graceful collie, first in line,—
How came he by that badge of blue?
At dreadful risk, a drowning child
From out the ocean depths he drew.
Another child from 'neath the feet
Of racing thoroughbreds was saved
By yon proud wearer of a badge,
Who for him fearlessly death braved.
An aged woman, dead from cold
And bleak exposure, found a friend
To guard her frozen form from harm
In that brave terrier at the end.
And that fine Airedale stayed the hand
Of the assassin that would slay
His master dear—the scar you see
He'll bear until his dying day.
Yes, every humble brother here
 Himself true friend of man has proved;
 Alert to serve, devoted, true,—
 By any thought of self unmoved.
They wear their ribbons with just pride,
 And fit it is that all should know
 Of their brave deeds. O dear God, bless
 These good dogs in the London show!

Many people tolerate cruelty because they do not observe, or because they are afraid of interfering. Interference is right when it opposes a wrong. In this way slavery was abolished.

PONTO, GENERAL GRANT'S DOG

By GEORGE B. RITTER

Ponto was the St. Bernard dog who enjoyed the confidence and friendship of no less a celebrity than General U. S. Grant, who brought him to this country from France, in 1877, when he was but a few months old. As it was against the rules of the ship to accommodate dogs among the first class passengers, the General carried the puppy on board in his coat pocket, intending to keep him hidden in his stateroom until New York was reached.

But the captain learned of the dog's presence shortly after leaving port and would have cast him into the sea had it not been for the earnest protests of the General and the other passengers. Ponto was given the freedom of the ship and completely won the captain over with his graceful antics.

He was General Grant's constant companion for eight years, or up to the time of the latter's death, in 1885. He accompanied the General on his walks, and, when the latter became so wasted and weakened by the disease that caused his death that he could not leave the piazza of the cottage he occupied at Mount McGregor, Ponto passed whole days dozing and watching beside the chair of his dying master, as if he realized that they soon must part and was determined to remain faithful until the end.

After General Grant's death Ponto began to mope, and, having no suitable place to keep him, Mrs. Grant sent him to the country place of General Adam Badeau, at Haines Falls, in the Catskills. He became the companion and friend of his new master who left instructions at his death that when Ponto, in his turn, passed away, he should be buried by the roadside, in what is now Onteora Park, and that a monument with a suitable inscription should be erected to mark his grave. The lettering on the stone shows that the dog was born in Chamouni, in 1877, and that he died in Tannersville in 1898.

Our U. S. Post Office Horses

THE following correspondence between us and the Department at Washington is so characteristic of what generally follows a complaint of our Society that we publish it, though reluctantly:

We wrote the Postmaster General about two

horses now in use in this State for carrying mail. In the words of our agent, "The horses are a disgrace to the U.S. Postal Department. I have labored with this man for a year to give up these poor creatures. They are not at that stage where I dare to take criminal action as I should have to make the fight alone, for though the people

of the village want something done, none of them will go into court and testify. The horses are half-starved, worn out and their courage gone, underfed and not properly cared for."

We sent this complaint on to Washington and received the following reply, a reply which must be kept in stock as it is substantially the one we generally receive:

Post Office Department,
Second Assistant Postmaster General,

Washington, October 31, 1914.

Sir: In answer to your letter of the 8th ultimo, which the Postmaster General has referred to me, with respect to the service on mail messenger route No. _____, at _____, Massachusetts, in which you state that Mr. _____, the designated messenger, does not properly care for his horses, you are informed that the matter has been taken up with the postmaster at _____ and he states that although the messenger's horses, harnesses and wagons are not of the best, the service is fairly good and that he has no especial fault to find.

The Department requires that the horses and equipment furnished by a mail messenger shall be suitable for the proper performance of the duties involved. Very respectfully,

(Signed) JOSEPH STEWART,
Second Assistant Postmaster General.

In the light of this letter it may surprise our readers to know that the contract signed with the



U. S. MAIL HORSE IN MASSACHUSETTS

government by these men who carry the mails demands that the horses used shall be kept "in first-class condition."

We present here three pictures, two of U. S. mail horses, one taken in a Western State and the other in Massachusetts, while the barn represents the place where we found another mail horse kept last spring. The second horse was covering an eighteen mile route nearly every day. The horse was taken from work and the mail carrier prosecuted and fined. Another mail horse of a mail carrier in this State, one of our agents destroyed recently, it was so completely worn out, and two other mail horses in the same county we took from work, they were so badly used up.

It is one of the blots upon our national government that such insufficient compensation should be given our mail carriers that many of them can make the excuse that they are obliged to use only the cheapest horses, poor animals that should have been destroyed years ago. There is a moral responsibility at Washington for this kind of cruelty and national shame which someone is bearing, and for which somewhere and some day he must give account. We cannot



BARN WHERE U. S. MAIL HORSE WAS KEPT

recall an instance in our experience where the Department has ever helped us in our efforts to stop the use of worn-out horses in any of our country districts.

F.H.R.

FOR CANADIAN TROOPS

[From a Halifax newspaper]

The militia department of Canada gave permission to the S. P. C. of Nova Scotia to distribute literature bearing on kindness to animals. A very gracious act showing the good feeling existing between countries was at once taken hold of by Dr. Francis H. Rowley, president of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., representing one of the most powerful organizations in America. Yesterday the Halifax society received a supply of cards to be distributed amongst the cavalry, entitled "How to Kill the Horse Humanely." There are illustrated directions given as to the proper place to strike the blow or fire the bullet. The card also contains maxims. Amongst others are "Be gentle, be kind, be patient," "An unnecessarily cruel thing is a tight throat strap. Don't leave it so loose that the bridle can be rubbed off, but see that it does not press the throat when the head is up, thus cutting off the breath, stopping the blood and causing a swelling of the throat glands." The card bears the imprint of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.



U. S. MAIL HORSE IN A WESTERN STATE

ANOTHER ORPHAN

LES WALLACE in Denver Post

I'm only a colt and I don't understand—
I wonder if ever I may?—
But there's something wrong, somewhere,
I know,
For they're taking my mother away.

We were happy together, my mother and I,
But we'll be together no more,
For last night they said—tho I don't understand—
"More horses are needed for war!"

"The mare goes tomorrow,"—my mother
they meant;
And now tomorrow is here,
And they're leading her off—oh, what will
I do
When it's dark—and mother's not near?

She nuzzled me softly and kissed me good-
by—
There were tears, bitter tears, in her
eyes—
"Be brave," she bade me, "our masters are
men,
And whatever men do must be wise!"

But something is wrong—my mother is
taken
Forever and ever away—
I'm only a colt, so I don't understand—
I wonder if ever I may?

HORSES AND MEN

OCCASIONALLY some one expresses astonishment that, contemplating all the human suffering this war is causing, any one can spare time or sympathy for the unfortunate horses left wounded and dying on the battlefields. Of course a man is better than a sheep, or a horse, but no amount of sympathy for the human victims of shot and shell can by any possibility exhaust the heart of its capacity to sympathize with suffering. The more of some things you give, the more you have. We do not hesitate to say that the people who are making the greatest sacrifices to share with Belgian refugees and others rendered homeless by this war, are the ones who would be the first to relieve the suffering of the wretched horses if they could.

It strengthens our faith in human nature, it ennobles our regard for it, that oppressed beyond measure at the thought of all the woe, the anguish, the pain of body and soul this war is bringing to men, there are still those who do not forget the speechless servants of man forced onto the battlefield, there to be torn and mangled and left to drag out, often, days of torture. The soldier knows what it means. Love of country, or hope of winning some glory he imagines war has to give, has taken him into the midst of danger. The horse knows nothing except the agony that has suddenly come to him.

We have seen photographs of horses wounded and killed in the wake of some of the battles of this war that would move a heart of stone. They speak of nothing less than a death of torment. Eye-witnesses, members of humane societies in England and France who have been on the ground, have found horses still living and suffering intensely from pain, hunger and thirst five days after being wounded.

Efforts are being made by humanitarians of the two countries to secure the assent of the French and British governments to allow a veterinary corps to go upon the field after a battle and destroy the fatally injured horses, and minister to those which might be saved. Miss Lind-a-f-Hageby, of England, has been in France co-operating with local humane organizations with the view of establishing hospitals for horses as near the scene of war as possible and doing all that can be done until authority is given to do more.

F.H.R.

Generous Benefactors of Our Societies

They Remembered the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. or the American Humane Education Society in Their Wills



MRS. JULIA B. THAYER (1905)
Keene, New Hampshire



MISS ALICE M. CURTIS (1911)
Wellesley, Massachusetts



MISS CAROLINE PHELPS STOKES (1909)
New York City

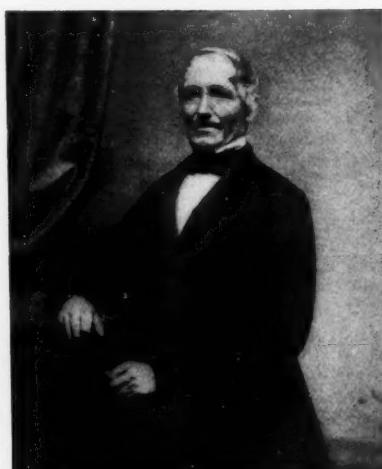


CALEB CHASE (1908)
Brookline, Massachusetts

LAST February we presented the portraits of seven men and women who had left generous bequests to the work of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. and the American Humane Education Society. This month we reproduce eight more photographs of great-hearted benefactors, who have passed to their reward. Most of them were identified with Massachusetts. One, in New York State, generously remembered our national Education Society. Their pictures will be reverently preserved in the Memorial Hall of our new building, or their names, with those of other givers, will be perpetuated on suitable tablets to be erected there. Sometimes we find it impossible to obtain photographs of deceased friends for permanent filing, and some of the reproductions on this page are from pictures that were taken from albums or were loaned by relatives and had to be returned. We wish to make our own collection of portraits of such givers as complete as possible, and shall appreciate any efforts of our friends to aid us in this endeavor. We shall publish from time to time a page like this.



CHARLES D. SIAS (1913)
Boston, Massachusetts



DAVID SIMONDS (1889)
Boston, Massachusetts



CHARLES H. HAYDEN (1901)
Boston, Massachusetts



MRS. JULIA M. CHAMPLIN (1910)
Brookline, Massachusetts

TRAVELING CATTLE
By HELEN M. RICHARDSON

Along the dusty, noisy street we pass,
Footsore and weary, stumbling o'er the road,
In summer's heat and winter's cold, alike,
Obedient to the whiplash and the bark
Of watchful dog. When noonday sun beats
down
Upon us and we fain would rest awhile
Beneath some grateful shade, or lave at will
In some cool stream, we must press on, for
sooth,
Because we are but cattle and we block
The busy street. Granted we do, indeed,
Yet not of our accord we travel thus.
We love the quiet fields where limpid pools
Await our eager lips, and where, knee-deep,
We can stand peacefully with switching tails,
Nor match our hoof-beats to the deafening
roar
Of swift electrics and wild touring cars.
But since 'tis man's decree that through the
streets
Our weary, toilsome way we must pursue,
Should not humanity devise some means
Whereby our suffering may be assuaged?
Some fount beside the road where all, in turn,
Could dip our nostrils would new courage
give
To fare us on our way. Oh, when you see
A drove of us patiently stumbling by,
In summer sunshine or through ice and snow,
Remember we are travelers unused
To city streets, their traffic and their din,
And give us thoughtful care as on we go.

UNUSUAL ANTI-CRUELTY STATUTE

By D. R. LANE

A VERY unusual anti-cruelty law was discovered on the New Mexico statute books a short time ago through accident and more recently an opinion from the office of the attorney general has confirmed the view taken of it at the time. This law is believed to be unique in the United States, for it vests with the power of arrest all witnesses to any act of cruelty to animals, mistreatment, or similar offenses.

The act came to light when a young attorney exercised his right of arrest upon a man whom he saw abusing a kitten. Without bothering to call an officer, though one was near, this young man haled the offender into a justice's court and there charged him with the offense. Some question was raised as to the authority the young man had taken upon himself but investigation developed that he had in no way exceeded the authority the act confers upon any private citizen. The offender was fined.

The act is part of the compilation of 1905 and had been on the books for an unknown length of time prior to that date, being a strengthening of an act found in earlier compilations. It reads in part as follows:

"Any person who may be found in the act of violating (the anti-cruelty statute) may be arrested by any other person who may see or find him in the act of committing such violation and the person so arresting . . . shall be authorized to take him immediately before the nearest justice of the peace and such justice of the peace shall immediately investigate the said cause and either place the party under bail to await the action of the grand jury, or try said cause, as in his judgment would be most proper . . ."

Another remarkable feature of the act is that it requires "immediate" action by the trial judge, who may, if the offense is sufficiently serious, hold the alleged offender for the grand jury in any sum he may see fit to name.

ORGANIZE HUMANE SOCIETIES

If there is no humane society in your community, use every effort to organize one, or a branch of the State society. In the meantime do all you can to curtail cruelty to animals.

Tribute to the Beaver by ENOS A. MILLS

Photograph taken in Canada for *Our Dumb Animals* by R. R. Sallows

MAN is the worst enemy of the beaver. A thousand trappers unite to tell the same pitiable tale of a trapped beaver's last moments. If the animal has not succeeded in drowning himself or tearing off a foot and escaping, the trapper smashes the beaver's head with his hatchet. The beaver, instead

works of the beaver have ever intensely interested the human mind. Beaver works may do for children what schools, sermons, companions, and even home sometimes fail to do—develop the power to think. No boy or girl can become intimately acquainted with the ways and works of these primitive folk without having the eyes of observation opened,



A LIVE BEAVER AND HIS WORK

of trying to rend the man with sharp-cutting teeth, raises himself and with upraised hand tries to ward off the death-blow. Instead of one blow, a young trapper frequently has to give two or three, but the beaver receives them without a struggle or a sound, and dies while vainly trying to shield his head with both hands.

A live beaver is more valuable to mankind than a dead one. As trappers in all sections of the country occasionally catch a beaver, it is probable that there still are straggling ones scattered along streams all the way from salt water up to timber-line, twelve thousand feet above sea-level. These remaining beaver may be exterminated; but if protected they would multiply and colonize stream-sources. Here they would practise conservation. Their presence would reduce river and harbor appropriations and make rivers more manageable, useful, and attractive. It would pay us to keep beaver colonies in the heights. Beaver would help keep America beautiful. A beaver colony in the wilds gives a touch of romance and rare charm to the outdoors. The

and acquiring a permanent interest in the wide world in which we live. A race which can produce mothers and fathers as noble as those beaver in the Grand Canon who offered their lives hoping thereby to save their children is needed on this earth. The beaver is the Abou-ben-Adhem of the wild. May his tribe increase!

I have determined to do all I can to perpetuate the beaver, and I wish I could interest every man, woman, boy, and girl in the land to help in this. Beaver works are so picturesque and so useful to man that I trust this persistent practitioner of conservation will not perish from the hills and mountains of our land. His growing scarcity is awakening some interest in him, and I hope and half believe that before many years every brook that is born on a great watershed will, as it goes swiftly, merrily singing down the slopes toward the sea, pass through and be steadied in a poetic pond that is made and will be maintained by our patient, persistent, faithful friend, the beaver.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Don't give your children, or those of anybody else, a rifle or any implement of torture for Christmas—or any other time. Discourage such gifts at all times. Rather give your boy a humane book, or a camera. This will teach him to spare a life and not take a life, and so avoid the suffering caused by shooting innocent animals and birds—very often, also, innocent human beings. Teach your children and those of other people to "Be Kind to Animals."



A MATERNAL ROOSTER

By REV. W. A. ROBINSON



SITTING by the side of a friend, in his auto, as we were speeding along twenty-five miles per hour, he said to me, "It is singular how chickens have been educated to take care of themselves, since they have to contend with the auto.

Now the rooster makes a dash, straight across and never hesitates; he is cock-sure of himself and gives prompt heed to the honk; but the hen has a good many things to learn yet. She must have given the cue which developed a popular dance, for when menaced by a machine she takes one step forward, two backward; hesitates, then sidesteps and that is the end of her productiveness."

But it is of the rooster especially that I wish to write and of one particular rooster.

We had a hen that must have had a streak of more than ordinary depravity. The fever that impelled her to take to her nest, somehow must have addled her eggs for though she had a traditional setting of thirteen, she came off with only one chick and "he" was a rooster. Somehow, from the very start she regarded him with a disdainful kind of indifference and finally, long before he should have been weaned, she refused utterly to give any further attention to him.

He was an orphan.

He took himself very seriously and gave utterance to pathetic lamentations as night came on and he had no protector. But little by little he developed a sturdiness that made him a conspicuous example of the survival of the fittest.

When he was about half grown, it chanced that one of the hens set early adrift a brood of eight or ten chicks that made a dolorous lamentation, because the mother had deserted them.

If this had been a family of little ones, treated thusly by their mother, a humane officer should have run her down and brought her to time; but our half-grown rooster, whom we had named "Bobby" proved to be a timely substitute for a whole office-force. He took in the situation with the intuition that was born of a still perfectly remembered experience of his own.

By some language which the motherless brood understood, he said to them: "You poor dears. I know too well how heart-broken you feel; how lonesome you are; how gruesome the shadows seem as they lengthen about you; but don't you be afraid, I will take care of you. You just come over here and get under my wings and I will be both a father and a mother to you."

And they responded to his hospitable call and night after night, every night, he hovered them as a mother, and day after day he clucked them and fellowshiped them until they had thoroughly gotten their "sea-legs" and could navigate the stormy sea of chicken-life without any further help from their maternal and benevolent friend.

I do not know what particular stock "Bobby" sprang from or transmitted, but he deserves to have a calendar, all his own, and to be designated, because of his humane proclivities, "Saint Bobby."

HUMANE CALENDAR FOR 1915

About December 1 the American Humane Education Society will have ready the 1915 edition of the Humane Calendar. The picture shows a group of children petting and feeding a handsome horse, and the calendar leaves for each month are filled with helpful suggestions. Single copies, postpaid, 15 cents. Greatly reduced prices for large orders. Local societies may have their own imprint, with names of officers, etc., if desired.

IN IDLE SPORT

By NELLIE M. COYE

This is an age of progress, we affirm,—
Progress in all that makes the world a place
Where men may live at peace with human-
kind.

And yet the pity of it seems to be,
Men fail to recognize the humankind
In wildwood life and things that may be
killed

For idle sport. The game law off, and they
Become again responsive to the call
That thrilled the red man's veins in primal
days.

Out from the woodland comes the sharp
report

That tells the deadly bullet's on its way.
So drunken are men with this cruel art
That calls for sure aim and the sportsman's
skill,

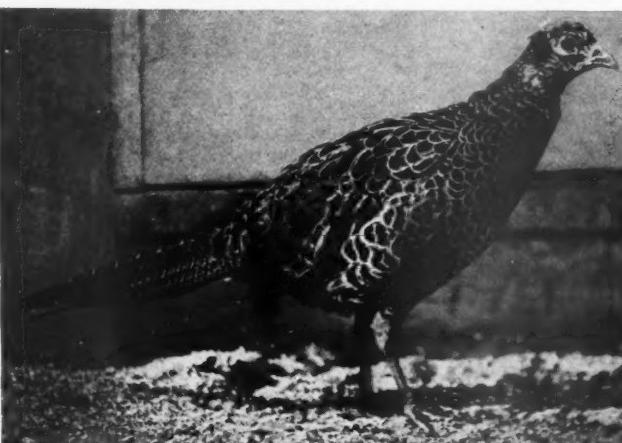
That pheasant slaughter for the untrained
hand

Becomes a pastime. Like to barnyard fowl,
These gentle creatures prove an easy mark
For witless, idle vagrants who betray
The trust they should respect when custom
says:

"The game law's off." Oh, when will men
become

So far from savagery removed that they
Can look on trusting innocence and stay
The hand from wanton murder? Feel the
thrill

Of friendly sympathy for all that live?



FEMALE PHEASANT PHOTOGRAPHED NEAR BOSTON

EULOGY ON "BOB WHITE"

"To my friend, the epicure: The next time you regale a good appetite with blue points, terrapin stew, filet of sole and saddle of mutton, touched up here and there with the high lights of rare old sherry, rich claret and dry monopole, pause as the dead quail is laid before you on a funeral pyre of toast and consider this: 'Here lies the charred remains of the farmer's ally and friend, poor Bob White. In life he devoured 145 different kinds of bad insects and the seeds of 129 anathema weeds. For the smaller pests of the farm he was the most marvelous engine of destruction that God ever put together of flesh and blood. He was good, beautiful and true; and his small life was blameless. And here he lies dead, snatched away from his field of labor, and destroyed, in order that I may be tempted to dine three minutes longer after I have already eaten to satiety.'" WM. T. HORNADAY.

OUTWITTED

He drew a circle and shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

PHEASANTS IN MASSACHUSETTS

IN 1896 there was introduced into Massachusetts a number of "ring neck" or China pheasants. The idea was to provide a game bird for the hunter. From 1896 to 1906 they increased with considerable rapidity. In 1906 an open season of one month was granted in which to shoot them. It is estimated by the Fish and Game Commission that during that month 3000 cock pheasants were killed by licensed gunners. In 1908 a closed season was established. Since then they have multiplied quite beyond expectation. Thousands have become almost as tame as chickens, frequenting dooryards in many suburbs of our cities and eating with the hens and other poultry.

Meanwhile it has been discovered that they are destructive of many insect pests like the gypsy and brown-tail moths, cutworms, elm beetle, tent caterpillar, potato beetle and cabbage worm. The report on them, made by the U. S. Department of Agriculture is that "22 per cent. of the total food (of a large number of stomachs examined) was grain. The evidence was pretty clear that this was waste, except in the case of one bird. Twenty-one per cent. consisted of green and ripe tomatoes." The summary is that "the weed seeds and insects, together 37 per cent. count in the pheasants' favor. The tomatoes and corn found, in all some 27 per cent., are against the bird. The remaining 36 per cent. was neutral, roots," etc.

Our State report denies the common claim of certain hunters that the pheasants drive away the quail and ruffed grouse.

This year, after being protected and tamed, and bred in many cases on private estates for six years, an open season was declared beginning Columbus Day, a holiday. This meant an army of hunters let loose upon these beautiful, almost domesticated birds. (They weigh from 2½ to 4½ pounds). Thousands were slaughtered. Immediately from all over the State a cry went up praying

that the Fish and Game Commission would close the season and save the birds that were left. At last the Governor was led to call a hearing on the subject. Saturday, October 3, the friends of the pheasants, and the hunters presented their arguments for and against stopping the destruction of the birds. The Governor said he had no power to act. He could, however, confer with the Fish and Game Commission, which has full power in this matter, and he did not doubt they would be glad to act on his advice. We are waiting anxiously to know what his advice was. Meanwhile the pheasants are at the mercy of the 65,000 licensed gunners of the State.

It is hoped that out of this controversy there may come some legislation that will control the entire matter of hunting in Massachusetts. A reformation here is sadly needed. F.H.R.

CHRISTMAS FOR THE POOR

The Salvation Army, through Commander Eva Booth, asks our readers to help the Army to supply Christmas dinners to 300,000 poor people throughout the country. Address Miss Booth, 118 West 14th Street, New York City; or Commissioner Estill, 108 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868
 Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
 DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
 GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
 WILL M. MORRILL, Assistant

Boston, December, 1914

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 45 Milk Street, Boston.

REMOVAL NOTICE

Because of the extra work and temporary inconvenience involved in moving the offices of "Our Dumb Animals," the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society to our new building at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, it is probable that there may be some delay in issuing "Our Dumb Animals" for January, 1915. We hope to have it ready for mailing during the week of December 28, but if our readers do not receive it promptly, will they kindly be patient and wait a few days before notifying us. Exchanges and all others, please note that our new mail address (beginning with January 1, 1915) will be simply Fenway Station, Boston, Mass.

THE ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

This new building which is to be at once a hospital for sick and injured animals and the headquarters for our two Societies it is now expected will be ready for occupancy some time in December. But for the unfortunate business situation of the country and the pressing calls from abroad for help we believe we could have raised all the money necessary for its construction. As it is we have made a venture of faith. We have trusted to the response of the many friends of our Societies. We have no doubt of this response though we may have to wait for it longer in some cases than we anticipated.

The deepest appreciation is felt of those noble friends who have already contributed so generously. They have made possible the perpetuation of a great name. They have given a great cause a visible symbol that will daily proclaim for generations to thousands who might otherwise never have known of this cause, its claims upon the mind and heart of the world.

More than this, these friends have put their money where for all time it will continue to minister to the needs and sufferings of those lowly children of God who cannot speak for themselves. Just as every human hospital witnesses to the larger humanity that has come with the years, so will this structure tell the story of a humanity that reaches even to a level below the human. Together with the meeting-house and the school-house, the homes for the fatherless and unfortunate, it will continue long after those who built it are no more, to make its appeal to those elements of the human soul whose development marks its civilization and its upward way.

We prize every old friend, we seek each possible new one. No gift is too small to be gratefully welcomed, no expression of good-will too humble to be appreciated. We are particularly anxious to build and care for this new institution without having to curtail our other work at any point. Notice of the opening day will be given through the public press.

F.H.R.

THIS CHRISTMAS

Will anyone say "A Merry Christmas" this year? With vast areas of the world wasted by the most merciless and uncalled for war humanity has ever witnessed, cities, towns, villages by the score wiped ruthlessly out of existence, tens of thousands of our human brothers and sisters, old men and women, little children, the sick, the insane, the dependent, starving and freezing, unnumbered trenches crammed to the surface with their festering dead, hospitals crowded with the wounded and the dying, homes shrouded in gloom, facing despair in addition to all the sorrow the tidings from the battle-field have brought—confronted day by day with these appalling facts, weighed down by the depression that they lay upon us, who will feel any spontaneous joy of his heart moving him to greet his friend with "A Merry Christmas?"

One has asked us, "Will not this be the saddest Christmas of all the nineteen hundred years?" The question may well be asked. But dark as the hour is, foreboding as the future looks, there are still centers of light and gladness that remain and toward which we do well to turn our eyes. A million little children in our own land will wake, thank God, with merry hearts next Christmas morning. No war across the sea can put out the Christmas light that will be burning in their childish hearts. Their turn will come to bear the burden and the pain, but it will be some other year. To these we must still cry, "A Merry Christmas," and every one of them we must make glad up to the measure of our power.

Then, in humility, conscious that it is not because we are any better than other lands that we for the moment are at peace, we must sing our song of thanksgiving for the absence from our borders of the ghastly specter of war, and with eagerness use our advantage here to make less hard the lot of our suffering kinsmen upon whom these dreadful days have fallen.

To us as a nation Heaven is giving a chance for service such as no nation ever knew save Israel of old—an opportunity that may never come again to show the spirit of that human brotherhood that must at last redeem the nations of the earth from the passions, ambitions, lusts, that set them at each other's throats and turn them into beasts of prey. To join in this ministry, even though we can do but little, is to share a rare and holy Christmas joy.

And last of all. We shall not help Europe or benefit ourselves by coming to this Christmas with mournful faces and doleful words. Whatever the inner depression against which we struggle, let us still greet each other with good cheer, wish all little children a "Merry Christmas," and live in hope. This is still God's world and will be His when all of us have gone our way. It has never got away from Him yet and fallen into utter ruin, and we have not the slightest fear that it will now or in the future. So, in spite of all, we say to each who reads these lines—"The Christmas cheer be yours! The cheer of him who, the friend of every sentient thing, still believes in faith and hope and love!"

F.H.R.

PROGRESS

When agricultural papers like the *Breeder's Gazette* of Chicago publish articles like that from which the following sentence is taken, we feel confident the interest in animal welfare is steadily advancing. Had *Our Dumb Animals* said this we imagine many people would have thought it quite too careful for the comfort of our four-footed friends:

"Work animals may be largely protected by placing blankets over their backs and trousers on their legs."

F.H.R.

IGNORING THE LESSON

Whatever this war has or has not done it has at least proved the fallacy of the claim that great armaments make for peace—that in time of peace the thing to do is to get ready for war. Once more this teaching of history is written out in blood for the nations to read.

And yet already, and in the face of this exploded fallacy, the cry is going up among us, "Give us a greater navy and a standing army which will make us dreaded as a foe."

What is the mightiest asset of this country today for peace among the nations of the earth? Its good-will and the human brotherhood that through Red Cross ministries and shiploads of food and raiment are responding so nobly to the need of those whom pitiless war has left homeless and penniless. No navy that could cross the sea could ever conquer so many hearts—hard hearts, hostile hearts, as these peaceful boats that sail out of our harbors under the sacred flag of a great humanity.

To build twenty submarines, to put into readiness more fighting men, will be not only to excite suspicion and distrust, it will be to put into the hands of military experts instruments of destruction which they will be tempted to use.

Why, in God's name, shall we not dare trying, at least, to be a Christian nation? Why not stake something on the truth of the religion we have professed? Why not venture something in the faith that even in this sorry world there are forces stronger than those which can only waste and kill? Why after nineteen hundred years of saying we believe in the teachings of the Christian Gospel, shall we still hold with that brutal paganism of the

"heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard?"

F.H.R.

RIFLE PRACTICE IN SCHOOLS

That over 15,000 college students and schoolboys have been engaged in rifle practice is the information sent out from the city of Washington. The authority for this statement appears to be the National Rifle Association of America and the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice. At least the statement continues that through these organizations "rapid strides are being made looking to the introduction of rifle shooting as one of the recognized sports in the schools and colleges of the land." The most astonishing part of the announcement is that this movement has been "stimulated by a recent act of Congress authorizing the free issue of rifles and ammunition to such clubs and to cadet corps."

We venture to say that back of all this attempt of militarism to crowd its hateful presence into the life of our youth, behind the pretended patriotism that is so clearly a mockery, stand commercial interests engaged in the manufacture of rifles and ammunition. Run down to their underground and concealed sources nearly all these high protestations of unselfish devotion to country turn out to be made by men whose chief business in life is grinding their own axes.

We have been told by men who were in Congress at the time it was done, that the patriotic idea of flying the stars and stripes from the flag-pole of every public school-house in the land, which was finally enacted into law, was conceived in the brain and engineered by the money of men who manufactured bunting. F.H.R.

NEW HUMANE STAMPS

Very attractive stamps in colors, with "A Merry Christmas" and "A Happy New Year," and containing just the right humane sentiment, have been issued by the American Humane Education Society, at 15 cts. per 100 or \$1.50 per 1000. Order some today.



Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer;

S. L. SHAPLEIGH, Ass't Treas.;
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

Trustees of Permanent Funds

Alfred Bowditch Laurence Minot
Thomas Nelson Perkins

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance) Fort Hill 2640
JAMES R. HATHAWAY, Chief Agent

Advance Notice:—On and after January 1, 1915, the address of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., and of its officers and agents, will be Fenway Station, Boston, Mass. The location is 180 Longwood Ave. The new telephone call will be Brookline 6100.

MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined	4332
Fish peddlers' and hawkers' horses examined	510
Number of prosecutions	30
Number of convictions	29
Horses taken from work	138
Horses humanely destroyed	186
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals examined	22,918
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed	21

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$2358.88 from Helen B. Smith, \$1000 from Mrs. Sarah M. Coats, and \$200 (additional) from the estate of Charles H. Hayden. It has received gifts for the Angell Memorial Hospital of \$1000 from "a friend," and \$50 from H. D. B.; \$100 from Mrs. J. Amanda Krook, in memory of Mr. Matthys H. Krook; and \$834.47, interest.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$249.95 from the estate of Mrs. Elizabeth F. Noble; \$50 from the Philippine S. P. C. A. and \$37.71 from a co-worker, for the distribution of humane literature; and \$1018.52, interest.

Boston, November 10, 1914.

THE PATHOS OF IT

We have just seen in a window of a gun store in Boston half a dozen beautiful male and female pheasants. The brilliant plumage of the male bird, especially, attracts the attention of the passer-by. In the window also is a complete hunting outfit, shells, guns, etc., for sale at \$15. Back of all is a notice to the effect that the long closed season on these handsome birds is open for a month. In other words, could they speak and did they understand the meaning of their captivity, these pheasants would say, "Look at us! Only buy this outfit for \$15 and you can go out into the country and shoot any of our family you may find!" Isn't it bad enough to be protected and tamed for years, as these birds have been in Massachusetts, and then to be ruthlessly shot by any heartless hunter, without being put on exhibition to induce people to come and kill you?

F.H.R.

SWINDLED

This adjective might be applied to hundreds of people every day who buy horses, or send for the patent medicines which are "guaranteed" to cure ringbone, thorough-pin, spavin, or any other cause of lameness. Few experienced horsemen would dare buy a horse of an unknown horse-dealer. How much more surely will he be defrauded who practically knows nothing of horses and yet sets out to purchase one. Almost every week some unfortunate victim of a "horse-jockey" comes into our offices with a plea for help. If he had come to us first we could have sent someone with him who would have seen to it that he did not fall into the hands of a sharper.

Just now some of the patent medicine men who can cure all forms of lameness (according to their advertisements), are pushing their nostrums on the ground that the demand for horses for the European war will so raise the price of horses in this country that any man having lame or crippled ones should buy their "sure cures" so as to get these cripples in shape to be sold for export. We heard a good woman exclaim once, after witnessing a brutal whipping of a horse, "I wish every horse in the world were dead!" When one thinks of what this war is meaning to tens of thousands of horses—see actual photographs in illustrated papers—he scarcely wonders at the wish.

F.H.R.

ROADS OF FLESH

The incredible cruelty reported in the following, if true, is but another illustration of war's power to rival hell:

LONDON, Oct. 16, 3:40 a. m.—A correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, who has been traveling in the East Prussian field of operations, describes a Cossack device to overcome wire entanglements. He says:

"This being a great grazing country, when troops of Cossacks are charging batteries they drive immense flocks of sheep and cattle before them right onto the tangled mass of wires. They then charge their horses over the platform of flesh, sabering the gunners in the very trenches behind."

"This plan, however, was soon imitated by the Germans, who were equally fearless and successful in carrying it out."

This sort of thing we find it as impossible to believe as many other of the fiendish atrocities said to have occurred. Still the fact remains that war has in it that which can transform men into very demons of hate and cruelty. F.H.R.

ONE WAY TO HELP

Every householder who puts in his winter coal before the snow and the ice make the streets so hard for teaming, renders a great service to the horses of his city or town. It is pitiful to see the coal teams straining and slipping, often falling, on almost impassable streets. Even when one cannot put his coal all in at once, if he will for the sake of the horses, take advantage, in the winter time, of pleasant weather, and order an extra ton or two, though he may not need it at the moment, some poor horses would thank him if they could.

F.H.R.

THANKSGIVING FOR ANIMALS

Americans, spared the horrors of war, have more to be thankful for this year than ever before. Friends of animals can put their thank-offering in a practical form by substantially remembering the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Angell Memorial Hospital, or the humane society in their home town; and also by giving the animals under their control a good rest and extra meals at this season. *Do it now! You will feel better, and so will the animals!*

NEW SOCIETY IN SPRINGFIELD

Early in the year the directors of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. decided that it might be advisable to form local or branch societies in large centers of population where at present there are no such organizations. Accordingly, Dr. Rowley, the president, opened correspondence with certain Massachusetts cities having a population of more than 10,000.

From Springfield came responses from Mrs. O. B. Ireland, Mrs. Geo. E. Foster, Mr. Orrin W. Cook, Mr. A. B. Case and Col. A. H. Goetting, expressing a desire to see such a branch established in that city. Accordingly Miss Louise H. Guyol, recently from New Orleans, was sent to Springfield in the latter part of September. Miss Guyol found much interest in the proposed plan, and, at a public meeting held at the Cooley Hotel, October 16, 1914, about sixty men and women were present. Colonel Goetting presided at this meeting, which nominated a committee on organization, with Mr. Myrton T. Smith as chairman. The Committee was composed of Mrs. Robert McNair, Messrs. H. L. Hardie, Harry L. Piper, Charles M. Wright; Mrs. E. C. Whittemore and Mrs. D. W. Irving, vice-president and secretary respectively of the Hampden County Animal Rescue League, and Mrs. Albert Steiger, a director, and Mr. Robert Whipple, an active member of the League.

The chairman called a second public meeting to report his findings, which was held November 4. Mr. John F. Jennings presided.

Mr. Smith reported the findings of his committee, resulting in the passing of resolutions approving the organization of a local branch of the State Society, inviting the Hampden County Animal Rescue League to join such branch as a whole or individually as members; and dwelling on the need of humane educational work in addition to other activities.

The report was accepted and the resolutions adopted by the assembly, which then proceeded to organize the Springfield Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and adopt a constitution.

Officers and directors were nominated and elected as follows:

Directors: Mrs. Robert McNair, Mrs. O. B. Ireland, Mrs. E. E. Pray, Mrs. L. J. Powers, Jr., Mrs. George E. Foster, Miss Maude G. Phillips, Miss Ruth Wallace, and Messrs. Ralph W. Ellis, M. T. Smith, O. W. Cook, Edward E. Pray, Charles M. Wright, Donald North, John F. Jennings, Charles H. Barrows, Col. A. H. Goetting, Col. Charles L. Young, Laurence D. Chapin, M.D., Herbert Myrick, H. L. Piper and Charles S. Norman.

Secretary, Mr. Myrton T. Smith; treasurer, Mr. E. E. Pray.

These directors, with the following, signed as charter members of the new society: Mrs. Lenox Beach, Mrs. E. C. Whittemore, Mrs. Alpha R. Burt, Mrs. Charles H. Barrows, Mrs. D. W. Irving, Miss Eunice Barrows, Miss Dorothy McNair, Messrs. D. N. Sackett, M. S. Wilder, Dr. Ralph Balkam, Dr. Philip Moxom.

The six veterinarians of Springfield have offered their services free of charge, where needed, to the new society, inasmuch as it is a branch of the State Society which will continue to work through Mr. Dexter A. Atkins who, in the ten years of service as agent of the State Society has so well done his work that the majority of those who have taken active part in the new organization say that they do so because of their high regard for Mr. Atkins' efficiency and his untiring devotion to the cause he represents.

Among those who have also promised their support to the society are Mr. A. B. Case, the Right Rev. T. E. Davies, Miss Helen Harris, H. A. Moses, Mrs. E. C. Whittemore, and Mrs. D. W. Irving.

BATTLE BUNNY

Bunny, lying in the grass,
Saw the shining column pass;
Saw the starry banner fly,
Saw the chargers fret and fume,
Saw the flapping hat and plume—
Saw them with his moist and shy
Most unspeculative eye,
Thinking only in the dew,
That it was a fine review—
Till a flash not all of steel,
Where the rolling caisson's wheel
Brought a rumble and a roar
Rolling down that velvet floor,
And like blows of autumn flail
Sharply thrashed the iron hail.
Bunny, thrilled by unknown fears,
Raised his soft and pointed ears.

* * * * *

As the sharp vindictive yell
Rose above the screaming shell;
Thought the world and all its men—
All the charging squadrons meant—
All were rabbit hunters then
All to capture him intent.
Bunny was not much to blame;
Wise folk have thought the same.

Wildly panting here and there,
Bunny sought the freer air,
Till he hopped below the hill,
And saw, lying close and still,
Men with muskets in their hands.

* * * * *

One—a grave and quiet man,
Thinking of his wife and child
Far beyond the Rapidan,
Where the Androscoggin smiled—
Felt the little rabbit creep,
Nestling by his arm and side,
Wakened from strategic sleep,
To that soft appeal replied,
Drew him to his blackened breast,
And—

But you have guessed the rest.
Softly o'er the chosen pair
Omnipresent Love and Care
Drew a mighty hand and arm,
Shielding them from every harm;
Right and left the bullets waved,
Saved the savior for the saved.

Who believes that equal grace
God extends in every place,
Little difference He scans
'Twixt rabbit's God and man's.

BRET HARTE.

**THE BAND OF MERCY ENTERTAINER, compiled by Florence Horatia Suckling.**

To any Band of Mercy preparing a program for special occasions, this compilation will prove of the greatest assistance. There are two editions, one containing both words and music, and one with words only. The book contains eight plays, calling for from five to forty performers, seven action songs, sixteen action pieces, and several part songs. The characters in many of the plays impersonate animals, birds or insects. The teacher, or person in charge of such an entertainment, will find something adapted to children of all ages from kindergartners to those in the most advanced grades. Many of the songs could be used apart from the pieces in which they are incorporated. Mrs. Suckling's "Preface" to the larger edition is of such general interest that it is published entire on another page of this number.

Words and music, 167 pp. 3s. 6d. Words only, 165 pp. 6d. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 105 Jermyn Street, London, W., England.

MESSMATES, Edward Step, F.L.S.

Strange partnerships exist not only between certain animals entirely unrelated but also between animals and plants. To such associations as are made for mutual aid and advantage science applies the terms commensalism and symbiosis as distinguished from life at another's expense or parasitism.

It is of the former class—the mutualists—and those which are friendly and interdependent that the author writes. The companionship of the crocodile and Egyptian plover, which Herodotus recorded; the buffalo and the buffalo-bird; the shark and pilot-fish, are typical.

"Sponges and Their Guests," "Sea Anemones and Corals and Their Friends," "Some 'Worms' and Their Friends," and "Ants as Hosts" readily suggest the extent of the subject and how common is this cooperative, profit-sharing partnership among differing organisms and species. The volume treats of one of the most interesting phases of natural history. It contains fifty-five illustrations on art paper.

220 pp. \$1.60 net. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

PETS AND HOW TO KEEP THEM, Frank Finn, B.A., F.Z.S.

The title of this book ought to appeal to a host of animal lovers and keepers, for the desire for pets is well-nigh universal and the pleasures to be derived from their companionship must be gratified.

It appears to be the author's purpose in this extensive work not so much to exploit the public zoological garden as to discuss those species and breeds which are commonly available as domestic pets or will thrive tolerably well in captivity. How necessary is the knowledge of the animals that one is fond of and undertakes to keep is made clear, if the animals are to be healthy and lead comfortable and happy lives and compensate their owner by appearance and disposition.

As a guide for pet-keepers, whether their pets be beasts, birds, reptiles, or amphibians, the volume contains a great deal of useful information.

Over one hundred illustrations after photographs from life, and twelve colored plates, are of the highest quality.

219 pp. \$1.50 net. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

TOADSTOOLS AND MUSHROOMS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE, Edward Step, F.L.S.

A guide to the larger woodland and pasture fungi for the general reader. With this book at hand no one need go astray in identifying rare or edible varieties. Eight illustrations in color and 132 from photographs.

143 pp. \$1.50 net. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY**WILD KINDRED OF FUR, FEATHER AND FIN, Jean M. Thompson.**

With her wide knowledge of animal life of which she has previously given ample evidence in several well-received volumes, the author again comes to the fore with another book of first-class stories about animals and birds and frogs and fishes. She pictures them in the midst of their good times as well as when they are hard put to it by their enemies; when they are in clover and when they are in trouble; how they fall into dangers and how by their wits they extricate themselves.

All these experiences, of which so many are akin to human situations, cannot fail to fascinate readers who seek good animal literature. Drawings by Mr. Charles Copeland, a master in his art, enliven each chapter.

339 pp. \$1.25 net. W. A. Wilde Company, Boston.

NED BREWSTER'S CARIBOU HUNT, Chauncy J. Hawkins.

Having explored the wilds of Maine and New Brunswick and narrated his thrilling experiences to the delight of boys and girls from twelve to sixteen, Ned Brewster again penetrates the "big woods" and adds to his fund of out-door adventure. The result is another volume of captivating stories and pictures of wild life, making the third in a popular series.

The streams and forests, the bogs and barrens of Newfoundland, a veritable wonderland of nature, are traversed by the small party composed of Ned and his father and their none too reliable Micmac Indian guides. Whether around the camp-fire or canoeing through the rough and tumbling waters or following the trails of the caribou, the hunters find continuous sport and excitement. They are true sportsmen, skilled in woodcraft and adepts with the camera. The account of their trip together with the fine specimens which they photographed offer a treat for the young folks.

308 pp. \$1.20 net. Little, Brown and Company, Boston.

WILD FRUITS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE, F. Edward Hulme, F.L.S., F.S.A.

A popular account of the berries, nuts and various fruits which grow wild along country lanes, many of which are edible, and all are interesting to the trumper or amateur naturalist. Thirty-six illustrations in colors, twenty-five from photographs.

221 pp. \$1.50 net. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay to the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of the annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds are a guaranty of the security of such an investment. Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than can be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.

The Ellen M. Gifford Sheltering Home

To aid and succor the waifs and strays of the city; to alleviate the sufferings of sick, abused and homeless animals; to find good homes for all those who come to the shelter, as far as possible; to spread the gospel of humanity towards dumb creatures by practical example—these are the objects of the Gifford Sheltering Home at Brighton, Massachusetts.

In a modest, one-story, brick structure, situated in the rear of the building shown here, a score to a hundred dogs—the waifs and strays of Greater Boston—are regularly cared for. They are of all sizes and kinds, some old and feeble who were turned out of a good home by an ungrateful owner, or who wandered away because they realized they were no longer wanted; others young and sprightly who have loved and lost a good home and friend and are eager for a petting hand or perhaps to welcome a familiar face. Not a few of the dogs are those for whom owners would or could no longer pay the license and so turned away.

Each dog has a separate apartment with wire door and partitions, and a platform covered with straw which is its comfortable bed. A large yard adjoining the house affords ample room for them to exercise and play. The house is cool in summer and heated in winter. It is well ventilated and sanitary and its occupants are healthy, hearty and, if not wholly happy, are free from physical suffering.

Just beyond the kennels is the cat house. Here in two rooms, warm and sunny, with tiers of shelves on all sides covered with hay, the cats repose in comfort. They, too, may frisk in spacious wire-screened out-door playgrounds without fear of annoyance.

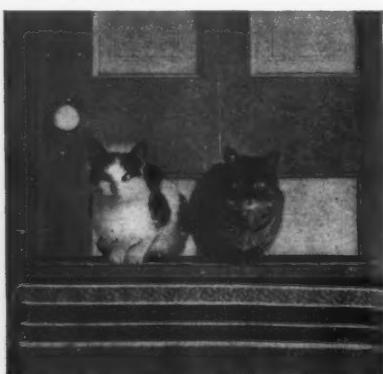


FORGOTTEN

The house is silent, the blinds are drawn--
The family has gone away,
And the grass grows thick on the level lawn,
Uncut for many a day;
Gone to the mountains, or perhaps to the sea,
To follow at will the life of the free.

The day is past. In the evening sky
The stars gleam more and more;
Hark! A plaintive wail, like an infant's cry,
And a scratching at the door.
A cricket answers that piteous cry,
Or a twittering bird in a bush nearby.

A skulking form, with a drooping head,
Has sought, in vain, to find
A hand that once in plenty fed,
A voice that was ever kind.
Only a cat, with its mournful cry,
Left to hunger—perhaps to die.



ENJOYING AN AIRING

The dogs and cats that are taken to the Home are quickly responsive to good care and keeping whether they came from homes of wealth or of poverty. Wholesome food is their regular portion, the dogs being fed on a mixture of meat and meal or graham flour cooked together, and the cats on milk and meat, all having roast beef, usually once a week. Persons visit the institution for the purpose of obtaining a dog or cat. Thus many animals are sent out, but only with the assurance that they are to have a good home and a kind owner.

The Home was established in 1883 by Ellen M. Gifford, of New Haven, Conn., who had inherited a large fortune from her father. Mrs. Gifford was one of the most benevolent of women. The deeds of charity which she performed throughout her lifetime were almost numberless. A record of her benevolences shows that she gave nearly \$1,000,000 to relieve suffering and want among

mankind and animals. Hers was a heart of tenderness and compassion, especially towards all animal kind. She knew to her great sorrow how some owners of cats turned them into the street to starve, when going away for a summer vacation, and how many who called themselves by the sacred name of Christians turned hungry or half frozen dogs and cats away from their doors in winter. She could feel something of the anguish of a petted dog lost in the streets of a great city, or possibly deserted by some brutal owner, who received from the faithful animal more love than he deserved.

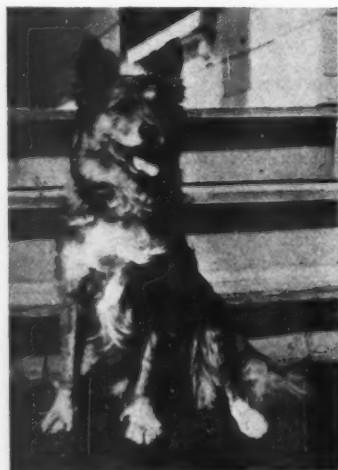
During her life Mrs. Gifford supported the institution almost entirely, and at her death in 1889 among other generous bequests, including one to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, she left to "The Ellen M. Gifford Sheltering Home Corporation, of Boston," \$85,390 to carry on the work for "homeless, neglected, diseased or abused animals."

Last year over 1500 animals were aided. Thus it appears that the work of the Gifford Home in behalf of the smaller animals puts it in the first rank of humane institutions. Mr. Albert H. Perkins has been the superintendent of the Home since its foundation. W.M.M.

HOW A CAT SAVED A CANARY

The following incident, told by Evelyn Archer in the *British Weekly*, is given in the words of her uncle who made the observation:

"I was sitting in my dining-room one summer's day reading, when I noticed that my neighbor's canary was hopping about the garden, and at the same time I saw a strange cat creeping stealthily up the path, ready at any moment to pounce on its victim. Thinking it was time to interfere, I opened the French windows, and was stepping out, when a big black cat sprang from the garden wall, and before I could reach the bird, had taken it in its mouth, and after a moment's hesitation brought the bird up to me for protection and laid it at my feet. I picked up the bird, expecting to find it bitten, but it was absolutely unharmed; and on restoring it to its lawful owners, I learned that the black cat also belonged to them, and had been brought up with the bird. Seeing the bird's danger, the cat had come to the rescue and saved it from the very jaws of death."



YOURS TRULY—JACK

This handsome dog became lost about a year ago in Boston, having no collar or license number by which his home or owner could be found. He was brought by a kind friend to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., which turned him over to the Gifford Home. A few weeks later he was adopted by two young ladies and taken to their beautiful home in southern New Hampshire. He was posed expressly for *Our Dumb Animals*.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE ANIMALS' CHRISTMAS TREE

By LEILA ENDERS

MOTHER, may I buy a Christmas tree with the money that Aunt Mary gave me?" asked John, one morning.

"Why, what do you want a Christmas tree for, John? You know that Santa Claus always brings you one."

"It isn't for me," answered John. "I want it for the animals in the barn."

"But John," replied Mother, "a Christmas tree wouldn't mean anything to the animals."

"Oh, yes it would, Mother, because I am going to put presents on it," answered John.

"All right," said Mother, smiling. "You may get it."

John bought the tree; and that evening asked Father to fasten it into a block of wood, so that it would stand firmly in the middle of the barn floor.

The next day he asked Mother if she would save all the bones, parings, and other leavings from the table for him. He also asked her to give him some milk, cube sugar, apples, and nuts.

"What do you intend to do with these?" asked Mother.

"Wait until tomorrow, and you shall see," answered John. Christmas morning came, and John hurried out to the barn to trim his tree for the animals.

Under the tree he placed a large bowl full of milk for Kitty, and next to it a box full of parings for Piggywee. On one branch he tied a bunch of hay and some cubes of sugar for the horse, Old Bob. On another he fastened several apples for Boss, and some bones for Rover. On the top of the tree he set a basketful of nuts for his pet squirrel, Bushy-tail.

When all was finished, John ran and called Mother and Father, and they laughed aloud when they saw what he had done. It was the funniest Christmas tree they had ever seen.

Then they helped John bring in the animals, and before long, Kitty, Piggywee, Old Bob, Boss, Rover, and Bushy-tail were enjoying their Christmas presents. It was a happy sight to see all the animals eating and drinking on or under the one tree.

Mother, Father, and John were so pleased that they decided to have a Christmas tree for the animals every year.



CHRISTMAS MORNING IN THE COUNTRY

A THOUGHT FOR THE BIRDS

Cold and dreary blows the wind,
Darker grows the fading year,
Summer days lie far behind,
Winter frosts will soon be here.

Warm beside the glowing fire
We can watch the streaming pane,
Little heeding mist or mire,
Caring naught for snow or rain.

But the birdies in the trees
Have no cosy resting-place,
Food grows scarcer by degrees,
Cold and hunger come apace.

Let us then, as winter comes,
Bear the birdies' needs in mind,
Scatter crumbs around our homes,
And take joy in being kind.

LITTLE "SKIDOO"

This waif kitten was picked up off the street, nearly dead, starved and almost blind. But with a little medicine, the gentlest and most tender care and plenty of good warm food, she soon grew sleek and fat. She could not talk to tell of her suffering or her gratitude, but would show in many cute little ways how grateful she was for all we did for her, and tried to see what a very good little kitty she could be. She learned to do five tricks, in as many weeks, as perfectly as any dog.

She died Christmas morning of what was supposed to be pneumonia. But she had been made happy, was loved and will never be forgotten. N. H. D.



THE BIRD THAT CAME BACK

By SARAH K. BOLTON

ONE of my neighbors heard a little peeping sound under a haystack one snowy morning. He reached his hand under the hay and drew out a baby robin. He was not going home for some hours, but he put the little creature in his coat pocket to keep it warm.

When he reached home he fed it and made a nest for it and it soon became friendly with all the family.

When the summer came it flew away and the family mourned it as dead, believing some stray cat had caught it.

One cold day in autumn the little girl in the family said, "Father, I do believe I heard our robin in the tree by the back kitchen window."

Surely enough, she had come home and was ready to fly in at the window as soon as it was opened.

She spent the winter in her old nest, happy and contented.

The next summer she flew away as usual, but before winter, probably after her family had been reared, she came back again and showed her pleasure by her sweet singing.

The third summer came and the robin went away again to find her mate possibly, but she never came back, to the sorrow of all in the house. She was probably shot by some cruel hunter, or had died in caring for her little birdlings.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

TOMMY AND THE GOBBLER

By ROSE HERBERT

Little Tommy went a-walking
On his Grandpa's farm;
Naughty Tommy 'spied the turkeys,
Planned to do them harm.

Papa Turkey saw the youngster
Creeping through a fence;
Said, "I'll catch that boy and teach him
Turkey common-sense."

Tommy stole across the barnyard,
No one was in sight;
At the turkeys high he threw
A stone with all his might.

With a sudden swoop the turkeys
Circled round his head;
Flapped their wings and bit and scratched him
Till he was half dead.

Then they hid him while his mamma
Grieved and searched in vain;
Though he said he'd never, never
Throw a stone again.

Papa Turkey fed him daily
From the family store;
Turkey feathers were the clothing
Little Tommy wore.

Soon he looked more like a turkey
Than a little boy.
And his feathered captors chuckled—
Gobbled loud for joy.

Tommy's papa on next Christmas
To the barnyard went,
Thought his boy a big, plump gobbler;
For the hatchet sent.

"Papa, papa, I'm no turkey,
Your own boy am I."
Soon his mamma, sobbing, held him
And he told her why

He had grown so like a barn fowl.
Then he promised true
That to any living creature
Harm he'd never do.

WHENCE COME THE GOLDFISH

By D. A. WILLEY

Do you know that the source of the goldfish, which often wins our sympathy because of its confinement in narrow glass globes, is in the far-away Flowery Kingdom across the Pacific?

While some of the goldfish are grown from eggs of the female fish kept in hatcheries of the glittering coated inhabitants of the water, most of them come from Japan—the natural home of the toy fish.

Large quantities of goldfish are grown for the export trade by Japanese dealers in the Yokohama district. The majority of these fish are shipped to San Francisco and Seattle for the local and Eastern markets. Approximately 100,000 goldfish are shipped annually from Yokohama to the United States, reports Deputy Consul General G. J. Barrett, of Yokohama.

There are four principal varieties of this fish available for export—namely, the ranchu, demekin, ryukin and wakin. Of these, the ranchu is most in demand. It is not considered advisable to export these fish until they have reached the age of two years. The average life of the Japanese goldfish is seven years, although with exceptionally good care and attention they frequently live for ten years.

Safety in transportation is the present problem confronting the dealer. Of extremely fragile and delicate construction, the fish often become bruised by the rolling motion of the ship and die in transit; usually 40 per cent. become sickly and die before delivery is finally made to the American purchaser.

CHRISTMAS

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright.
The bridal of the earth and sky.

GEORGE HERBERT.

A Reformed Turkey *by MARY LOUNSBURY*

UT in the vicinity of the city of Hamilton, Ontario, lives at the time of writing a turkey who has experienced an entire change of character.

Six weeks ago he was the proud tyrannical head of a family of thirteen fair young birds, and a gentle mate to whom he allowed the honor of the exclusive care of the young turkeys.

The hen mother it was who led them from field to field hunting food, from early morning till evening's close, and it was she who always called them together, spread out her wings, and hovered them throughout the dark night. The haughty, quarrelsome gobbler had neither time nor inclination for domestic cares. He ruled the barnyard; not with an iron hand, but with horny beak and claws, and wings so strong and fierce that everything fled before him. The children called him "Puncher," because of his quarrelsome habit of flying at them and striking them with his wings and feet.

At eventide he invariably perched himself on the roof of the ice-house, safe from all marauding animals, while his mate was left alone in the open field to guard their thrifty brood through the long dark hours.



Late one night a fox, in search of food for his ravenous young pups, found the faithful mother and her little flock and attacked them. Gallantly, with all her protective instinct, she fought for her little turkeys. Several times the fox had her in his clutches, but again and again she eluded him, until finally his greater strength prevailed, and she was forced to yield her life, fighting for her family. The slaughter of the little ones was an easy task for old Reynard; only one small bird escaped the vigilance of the fox. In the morning the mangled remains of the mother turkey were found about an eighth of a mile from her nesting-place. A trail of feathers across the field told the story of the calamity.

Now what to do with the little turkey was the problem. Imagine the surprise and interest that was aroused in the farmer's family, when they saw the once fierce old gobbler assume the duties of the gentle mother! The needs of the motherless chick appealed to his chivalry, and lo! the ferocious bird has become changed to a kind, domesticated one.

The evening after the tragedy, he coaxed the little turkey home to his roosting-place. He would walk a few yards, then sit upon the ground, and let the little turkey cuddle under him, then get up and go a few yards farther, and again sit down. He kept this up until he reached the ice-house. He then flew up and called the little one

to follow. Over and over it made the attempt and finally, after many hard falls, it succeeded in reaching the perch.

The following evening he evidently decided that to reach the perch was too much for the strength of the little one, so he picked out a secluded spot by the children's play-house, nestled down on the ground, and held out his wings for the little turkey to creep in.

His days as well as his nights are spent with his chick. Together they sally forth for the day. His quarrelsome nature seems to have vanished entirely, and he shows marked pleasure when the children give him food.

Perhaps the most convincing proof of his changed nature is that when he sees persons approaching, instead of flying at them, he calls his baby, strikes out for the long grass, and hides away until the coast is clear and safe.

A BRAND FROM THE BURNING

By L. K. F.

TOMMY was the Bad Boy of the neighborhood—a neglected, defiant little Ishmaelite with the hand of every man against him, and a reputation for wickedness that he richly deserved. I had pondered his case deeply, being a lover of small boys, and aware of one thread of pure gold running through the apparent shoddy of his character. I had seen him drop a kitten stealthily into my yard, out of the way of careless feet, and sometime afterward saunter back and with elaborate carelessness toss the starving mite a bit of food; I had seen him muzzle his hard little face beside a horse's silky nose, and finally I had witnessed a bloody conflict when he pitched like a whirlwind upon a big, brutal lad who had savagely kicked a stray dog.

For these reasons I pricked up my ears when I heard that Tommy was to be "sent up," for wantonly smashing windows. I took a stroll up to the station-house and saw the worried Probation Officer who had been struggling to keep Tommy out of a cell for two years. He informed me with deep conviction that the lad was just naturally "born crooked."

Not precisely agreeing with him I had the youngster released, on parole, after a deal of trouble, and he slunk away without a glance in my direction. That was a little discouraging, but I went ahead with my deep-laid plot. A diligent search among my friends and acquaintances resulted in the finding of several sick kittens, dogs and canaries. Having a few spare dollars to devote to the success of this experiment, I boarded a car, went down town and bought me a simple book on animal disorders and the home treatment thereof. Thus armed I encountered Tommy—quite by accident, you understand—on the street. As I stopped and faced him he backed against the wall defiantly.

"Sonny," I said, "I saw you treating Kelly's sick cat the other day. Now I don't know a thing about animals. I'll give you fifty cents if you'll help me find out what's the matter with Benton's canary. It's droopy and it won't sing."

He went with me to Benton's quite willingly, and a quarter of an hour's poring over the new book enabled us to fix Petey up comfortably. That was the beginning. Tommy marched home with his head up and the book under his arm.

The Bad Boy of the neighborhood is no more. A fellow who's studying his head off to be an A No. 1 veterinary hasn't much time to be fooling away on mischief and nonsense, as Tommy informed the mystified Probation Officer the other day, and he said it sternly and with a most virtuous air.



THE U. B. BAND OF MERCY AND RED STAR TRAINING CLASS, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

831 New Bands of Mercy

PLEDGE: "I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

E. A. MARYOTT and L. H. GUYOL, State Organizers.

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and address of the president:

Our Dumb Animals for one year; twenty leaflets; copy of "Songs of Happy Life"; and an imitation gold badge for the president. See inside back cover for prices of Band of Mercy badges and supplies, and humane publications.

NEW BANDS REPORTED IN OCTOBER

The numerals show the number of Bands in each school or town:

Schools in Massachusetts

Boston: Warren, 12; Copley, 8; Charles E. Daniels, 3; Oliver Holden, 4; John Cheverus, 11; Paul Jones, 6; Gilbert Stuart, 11; Stoughton, 6; Ellen H. Richards, 6; Christopher Gibson, 14; Atherton Bldg., 7; Mary Hemenway, 11; Elbridge Smith, 10; Harris, 10; Dorchester Ave., 4; Everett St., 2; Mather, 28; Old Mather, 10; Dudley, 12; Wm. Bacon, 9; Quincy St., 2; Lyceum Hall, 3; Benjamin Cushing, 7; Nathan Hale, 11; Miles Standish, 6; Wm. Cullen Bryant, 5; Louis Prang, 6; Abby W. May, 5; Old Thornton St., 2; George Putnam, 11; Ellis Mendell, 12.

Hamilton: Public, 6.

Roxbury, Massachusetts: Mission Church.

Springfield, Massachusetts: Bond St. Braves; Boys' Club Troup, Boy Scouts of America; Newsboys' Assoc.; General E. B. Clark, 8; Y. M. C. A. Junior Aux. S. P. C. A.; Elizabeth Haggerty.

West Springfield, Massachusetts: Park Ave., 9.

Schools in Maine

Auburn: Public, 56; Methodist S. S., 11. **Bar Mills:** Baptist S. S., 6.

Bowdoinham: Bishop.

Cape Neddick: Public, 4.

Durham: Sophia; Crossman; West Durham.

East Winthrop: Baptist S. S., 5.

Gray: Free Baptist S. S., 6.

Greene: Baptist S. S., 5.

Kenduskeag: Baptist S. S.

Lewiston: Woman's Christian Assoc.

Lisbon: Ridge; Ferry; Marr; Public, 6; Methodist S. S., 6.

Lisbon Center: Public.

Lisbon Falls: Methodist S. S., 10; Free Baptist, 14; Public, 14.

Litchfield: Public.

Mechanic Falls: Methodist S. S., 7.

Milo: Free Baptist S. S., 25.

Minot: Methodist S. S., 5.

Monmouth: Union S. S., 3.

Mount Vernon: Baptist S. S., 6.

New Gloucester: Union S. S., 4; Public, 9.

North Livermore: Baptist S. S.

North Raymond: Public.

North Yarmouth: Universalist S. S., 3.

Paris: Baptist S. S.

Rangeley: Free Baptist S. S., 10.

Rumford: Methodist S. S., 6.

Sabattus: Public, 4.

Shiloh: Public, 6.

Topham: Village, 3; Mallett; Brick.

Wales: Frost.

Waterboro: Baptist S. S., 6.

Wayne: Baptist S. S., 7.

Webster Corner: Public.

West Bowdoin: Sunday, 6; Day.

West Danville: Free Baptist S. S., 3.

West Poland: Public, 2.

Jaffrey, New Hampshire: Loving Service.

Schools in Rhode Island

Allentown: Allentown.

Anthony: Anthony, 2; Quidnick, 6.

Apponaug: Old Warwick, 4.

Crompton: Crompton, 8.

East Greenwich: Marlboro St., 4; Spring St., 5; Rocky Hill.

Harris: Harris, 3.

Hillsgrove: Lincoln Park, 2; Hillsgrove Grammar, 4.

Hope: Hope Grammar, 3.

Johnston: Manton, 4.

Providence: Niagara St., 4; Slater Ave., 5; Vineyard St., Primary, 8; East Manning St., Primary, 4; Sisson St., 3;

Daniel Ave., 4; Almy St., 4; Camp St., 3; Amherst St., 4; Eddy St., 4; East St., 6; Ives St., 5.

Warwick: Buttonwoods, 2; Oakland Beach, 2; Bayside, 2.

Washington: Washington, 3.

Schools in Connecticut

Berlin: Worthington, 2.

Bloomfield: Center, 6; Old Farm.

East Hartford: Center, 9; Meadow, 5; Hockanum, 2;

Second North, 9; North; Union, 6; Second South, 2; South Burnside, 2; Burnside, 8.

Farmington: Center, 5.

Rainbow: Rainbow, 2.

Unionville: Unionville, 8.

Wethersfield: Broad St.; Main St.; Griswoldville; West Hill.

Windsor: No. 7; Elm Grove, 2; Poquonock, 4.

Windham Locks: St. Mary's, 9.

Horsehead: New York: Horsehead.

Baltimore, Maryland: God's Merciful Angels for the Protection of Innocent Animals; All Saints.

Blaine, Kentucky: Hood.

Unionville, Tennessee: Unionville.

Schools in Ohio

Andover: Public, 9.

Cincinnati: Sherman, 22.

Lisbon: Market St., 4.

Williamsfield: Williamsfield, 4.

Gary, Indiana: Little Sunbeams.

Cote Brilliant, Missouri: Cote Brilliant.

Kansas City, Missouri: Horace Mann School.

Duluth, Minnesota: Jefferson School, 3; Endion School; Adams School; Oneonta School.

Lakewood, Minnesota: Lakewood.

Hinton, Oklahoma: Hinton News.

Monticello, Arkansas: Public School.

Boise, Idaho: Garfield School, 8; Holcomb School; Upper Fairview School.

Laramie, Wyoming: Laramie School, 4.

Manning, Oregon: Manning.

Alpaugh, California: Alpaugh.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 94,214.

A REAL "MERCY" BAND

Here is a picture of the U. B. Band of Mercy of the United Brethren Church, Baltimore, Maryland, which was organized by Mr. Walter E. Boteler and now has a membership of ninety-five girls. Fifty of these belong to the Red Star Training Class and are taking up hospital and emergency work as well as devoting much time to the care and protection of animals. Last month the Band gave an entertainment at which a demonstration of hospital work was given.

Three other Bands also have been formed by Mr. Boteler: the G. T. S. Band of St. Luke's, with a membership of 250 girls, 100 of whom are in the Training Class; the New Band, All Saints, which has a steadily increasing membership (about twenty belonging to the Training Class at present); and the Temple Band, the largest in that part of the State, having an enrolment of 300 girls and twenty-five boys.

Mr. Boteler, who is an invalid, voluntarily devotes his time to organizing and carrying on these Bands and personally conducting the Training Classes.

WHERE ANTS ARE PROTECTED

We have received the following communication from Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, the well-known writer of Cleveland, Ohio, which shows a consideration for the humbler forms of animal life comparable to that of the poet Cowper, who denounces "the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm":

"I was much interested in the article by Professor J. Howard Moore on ants, in the November number. My husband thought their houses so wonderfully built that he would allow no ant-hills destroyed in our grounds. Since his death, several years ago, the intelligent creatures have never been disturbed in our lawn. I have no doubt, in their own way, they enjoy our big trees and sun and green grass just as we do. And they certainly work harder than some of us!"



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

ANNUAL HUMANE CONVENTION

Those who attended the thirty-eighth annual meeting of the American Humane Association, at Atlantic City, New Jersey, October 5 to 8, last, met with an enthusiastic body of humanitarians who discussed many phases of the anti-cruelty movement. While some of the more prominent leaders in the work of the Association were unable to be present, the sessions did not lack either in enthusiasm or in eloquence. Every section of the country was represented by delegates present.

The inhumanity of the present war in Europe was the subject of Dr. Stillman's opening remarks, also of Dr. Albert Leffingwell's forceful address. Mr. Clarence W. Egan, of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R., earnestly pleaded the cause of animal protection and announced his firm belief in the immortality of animals.

A short but lively discussion of "Vivisection" attracted much attention, Mr. Edward H. Clement of Boston presenting arguments in opposition, and Dr. R. M. Pearce of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania speaking in favor.

Other topics presented were: "Animal Rescue Leagues," H. L. Roberts, secretary The Animal Rescue League, Pittsburgh, Pa.; "One Phase of Animal Protection," James N. Smith, general agent Rhode Island S. P. C. A., Providence; "Public Drinking Places for Horses," W. K. Horton, general manager American S. P. C. A., New York City; "Humane Study Clubs," Mrs. Belle Jones, president Ladies' Auxiliary Rock Island County Humane Society, Rock Island, Ill.; "Humane Work in Wyoming, Range Conditions, Sheep Shearing and Wild West Shows," paper prepared by Secretary I. S. Bartlett and read by E. W. Burke, chief agent Wyoming Humane Society, Cheyenne; "The Problems of Humane Work in Rural Communities," Mrs. Jeannie Laflin Crane-Couch, president Berkshire Animal Rescue League, Dalton, Mass.; "The Proper Management of City Dog Pounds," Mrs. Caroline Earle White, president Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., Philadelphia; "Cat License Bills," Mrs. Huntington Smith, president Animal Rescue League, Boston, Mass.; "Veterinary Ambulances," with a discussion and demonstration of an electric veterinary ambulance, E. S. Hare, vice-president The Commercial Truck Company of America, Philadelphia.

Prof. Samuel McCune Lindsay, of the Henry Bergh Foundation, Columbia University, discussed at some length "Some Problems in Legislation for the Protection of Animals."

Mrs. E. L. Dixon, of Columbia, South Carolina, the colored representative of the American Humane Education Society of Boston, gave two impromptu addresses dealing with the needs of her people and telling of her successful efforts to improve the condition of animals in the South. Her pleasing appearance and earnest manner most favorably impressed the delegates. The exhibit of literature by the American Humane Education Society attracted much attention, and that it was appreciated was evidenced by an unusual demand for samples.

Resolutions adopted, besides that relating to Humane Sunday, call upon Congress to consider favorably legislation to correct the evil of the transportation of immature calves, and to relieve the indescribable sufferings of chickens and other small fowl in transportation; authorize the appointment of a committee to take such steps as will tend to relieve the suffering of horses and other animals in warfare; and call upon the Association to cooperate with the Boy Scout movement by planning a comprehensive scheme whereby the boys may qualify for a Kindness to Animals badge.

Dr. W. O. Stillman of Albany, N.Y., was unanimously reelected president of the Association.

NATIONAL HUMANE SUNDAY

A concerted effort is to be made this season to have one Sunday in the year set apart as "Humane Sunday," to be followed by a "Be Kind to Animals" week, that shall direct the attention of all the churches and people at the same time to the special consideration of the anti-cruelty cause. At its recent convention the American Humane Association unanimously passed this resolution:

"That the Association immediately take steps, by the appointment of a national committee to be named by its president, to direct the attention of humane societies and individuals throughout the country, to the observance of a Humane Sunday (preferably in the latter part of April) which shall be devoted to the consideration of humanity to all living creatures; this Sunday to be followed by a week to be devoted to a special plea for kindness to animals, and to be known as "Be Kind to Animals Week"; and that clergymen of all denominations be asked, through prayer, praise and sermon, to direct the hearts and minds of the people to the protection of all weaker, defenseless and unfortunate creatures, whether human or animal."

The committee named consists of Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, Jenkintown, Pa., chairman, and Guy Richardson, Boston, Mass., secretary, and representatives (not all yet appointed) from every State in the nation. Will all who are interested in the movement, which it is hoped may become nation-wide, or who have suggestions to offer, kindly send them at once to one of the above addresses? It would be a special help if clergymen, who will consent to preach on the subject, will send in their addresses, or if friends would get their consent and do so for them. It is also urged that the press everywhere call attention to Humane Sunday and publish suitable special articles during "Be Kind to Animals" week.

OUR NEW STAMPS

The American Humane Education Society has just issued a new stamp in colors, size $1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, with very attractive design. At the top of the stamp appear the words "Humane Education," followed by "Justice." In the center appear the scales of Justice with the common seal generally adopted by societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals at the left, and at the right, a seal similar to that of the American Humane Education Society only containing language adapted to any humane society in any State. Under these appear the words "Be Kind to Animals." For the holiday season, in place of the two seals will appear "A Merry Christmas," and "A Happy New Year." The stamps will be ready for delivery in December. Help the cause by using them on your envelopes, Christmas packages, etc. By buying these in 100,000 quantities at a time, we are able to offer them at cost, as follows: 15 cts. per 100, \$1.50 per 1000. Address: American Humane Education Society, Boston, Mass.

RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. FOR OCTOBER, 1914

Hereafter, unless requested to print the full name, or for some other special reason, we shall acknowledge gifts in our *Dumb Animals* only by the initials of the giver.

Requests as follows: Katherine Allen, \$3000; Helen B. Smith, \$2358.88; Mrs. Sarah M. Coats, \$1000; Charles H. Hayden (in part), \$200.

Members and Donors

A friend for the Angell Memorial Hospital, \$1000; H. D. B. for the same, \$50; Mrs. J. Amanda Krook, in memory of Matthys H. Krook, \$100; C. F. E., \$25; A. B. E., \$3; Mrs. G. I. L., \$3; E. C. B., \$3; Mrs. F. L. C., \$3; Mrs. M. S. L., \$0.50; pennies saved, \$0.33; "Why Not," \$0.25, for the Angell Memorial Hospital.

TEN DOLLARS EACH

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FIVE DOLLARS EACH

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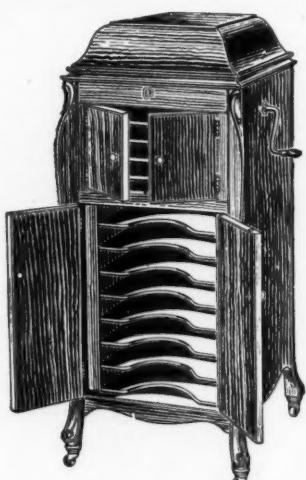
Sales of publications, interest, etc., \$1407.36

Total, \$11,044.20.

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Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

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GUY RICHARDSON, Editor.

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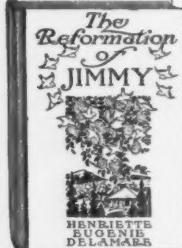
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